



And, whiles I live, he, like a tyrant rageth
!
" Ah, rage, fierce Tyrant * for this grief Is
wrought
By Love, thy counsel; which my mind
engageth
To thy fierce thraldom, while he spoils mine
heart! " So be my mind and heart
imprisoned fast To two fierce Tyrants,
which this empire part. •⁶ O milder
Goddess ! Shall this, for ever, last ?
If that I have these bitter plagues
deserved; Yet let Repentance (which my
soul doth melt) Obtain some favour, if you
be not swerved From laws of mercy ! "
Know what plagues I felt!
Yea, but I doubt enchantment in my breast!
For never man, so much aggrieved as I,
Could live with ceaseless Sorrow's weight
opprest, But twenty thousand times,
perforce, should die !
And with eyes, She did bewitch mine
heart; Which lets it live, but feel an
endless smart.



E L E G Y I X .

WITH humble suit, upon my bended knee,
(Though absent far from hence, not to
be seen ; Yet, in thy power, still present, as
gods be) I speak these words (whose
bleeding wounds be green)